# WEAK HEADS TURNED

ELIZA ARCHARD CONNER SIZES UP THE FILIPINOS.

**In Treating Them as Equals the Americans Made a Serious Mistake. Aguinaldo's Trickery — Spanish Friendship.**

[Special Correspondence.]

MANILA, April 15.—Signs are in the air that our Yankees are here to stay. Yesterday I passed two American women on the street. One was a tall, golden haired blond, the other a short little woman with snapping black eyes. As I flitted past, the little one with the snapping black eyes said:

"I'm only waiting till I get my divorce."

American institutions are established in the Philippines. It has been a large conundrum to the American people why the Filipinos should break loose and turn on their deliverers after the Spaniards had been whipped out. The cause is to be found in the character of

TINGUIANO WARRIOR.

the natives themselves. The American government learns as it goes along. We made a mistake in the start in dealing with the Filipinos. The mass of them are no more civilized than the savages of Africa. Their character is that of an irresponsible child. The Spaniards looked on them as southern planters looked on the negro slave before the war. They were as fit to be treated with politically as a southern slave before the war would have been.

When Dewey had orders to bombard the Spanish forts here, he was short handed of men, coal and provisions. He did the best he could under the circumstances and accepted all the help he could get from the rebels. It was necessary. He did the work he was set to do, but turned Spanish prisoners over to the rebels for safe keeping. He did it because he could not keep them himself. There are various and conflicting stories as to the way the Filipinos treated their late masters. Some say they did the best they could for them, others that they paid off old grudges by inhuman treatment.

At length the American land forces came. The services of the Filipino insurrectionists, such as they were, were again accepted. Our general officers, no more than the American people at home, knew the Filipinos. Consequently they chummed with them, treated them as equals. The eyes of the old Spanish residents fairly turned inside out with horror when they saw an American officer walking along the street arm in arm with a Filipino. It was as if a member of the New York Four Hundred should introduce his valet at his club, or if, again, a southern planter before the war should have given a banquet to his negro slave hostler and invited his own swell friends to be present. Distinguished blueblooded American army and navy officers, distinguished American civil officials, treated with Aguinaldo and his fellows exactly as if they had been responsible civilized white people.

The mistake was a disastrous though fortunately not a fatal one.

The result was that the childish Filipino head was completely turned. The natives began to think they were somebody, like white folk. Having no more idea of the real power of the United States than of the complexion of the man in the moon, they swelled up like the frog that tried to be an ox. Aguinaldo himself is an ignorant native boy. Behind him are men of mixed Chinese blood, far shrewder and more capable than he. For their own purpose—that of making a good thing out of this fuss—they egg him and his deluded natives on to fight the Americans. They expected to be bought off handsomely. Even treated with on such an impossible basis, however, the Filipino leaders would not have been quiet. Today there is in a Hongkong bank the sum of $200,000 which the Spanish government paid Aguinaldo to cease fighting before the Americans came to the Philippines. Aguinaldo took the money, made his promise and continued the insurrection precisely as before. He had no more regard for his word than a guerrilla or a professional politician has. This is the gentleman and patriot whom our American officers mistakenly took to their arms when they came to Manila.

It is certain that if in the beginning we had treated the Filipinos like the irresponsible children they are this insurrection would not have started. As it is, the only thing now is to give the "niggers," as they are called here, a thoroughly good beating till they are well cowed, then treat them kindly, but strictly as inferiors, afterward till they gradually learn civilization. The sooner and the more thoroughly the punishment is administered the better. The Filipinos may be burned out and driven away from a spot, but for a time they will gather like flies again so soon as our army has passed on, and they will fire from ambush on the first peaceful white traveler who passes that way. Our army has driven the rebels every step of the way since it started in here—that, too, without difficulty—but for the peace of the country it will be necessary to leave detachments of soldiers at frequent intervals.

"I don't like to fight these niggers," said an American soldier who has been at the front ever since the fight with the Filipinos has been on. "They have not sense enough to stand up to a square scrap and quit when they are licked. They hide in the thicket in front of you, and they sneak up on you from behind after you have whipped them once, and there's no satisfaction any way."

The Filipinos know how to make powder and cartridges. Among them are men formerly in the employ of the Spaniards at the arsenal. They have a traveling powder and cartridge factory, gathering up the rude implements they use and taking the same with them as they fly from pillar to post. Besides that, some Chinese in these islands who take that way to pay off part of the grudge they owe Americans follow along in the track of the fighting and gather up the empty American cartridges and sell them to the insurgents for a consideration worth while to a gentleman with a cue. Nothing comes amiss to a Chinaman. These cartridges the rebels fill and use again.

The newspaper liar has got in some of his finest work in depicting the horrors of the sickliness of Manila. Frightful tales were told at home of the smallpox, the fever, the malaria, the snakes and the scorpions of these blessed islands. The actual truth is that with average sanitary conditions Manila would be as healthful as Honolulu or northern Mexico or Florida itself. The health of our soldiers who have been out on the line fighting since the 5th of last February is this day excellent. I have from numerous soldiers themselves the testimony that they never felt better. Their greatest need is that of thin cotton clothing, without which no boy in blue should be sent here. The blue should be retained, but it should be cotton instead of wool. In one day recently our troops marched 15 miles over rebel intrenchments and through thickets, and very few of them were knocked out till the end of the journey. For a march under a tropical sun by boys from our northwestern states this record is not bad. In November in Honolulu I felt the heat quite as much as I now do in April in Manila.

The testimony of Americans who have been here in business several months is universally in favor of the country. The longer they remain the better they like it. White babies born here certainly thrive admirably the first four or five years of their lives. I have this on the authority of Mr. P. K. A. Meerkamp Van Embden, Dutch consul in Manila many years. Three of his children were born here. I have been told that the Spaniards who first settled here set afloat and persistently kept up the story of the unhealthfulness of the Philippines in order to keep other white races out. Maybe it's true.

One of the oddest results of the Filipino insurrection has been the establishment of a real friendship between the Americans and the Spanish here. Before the outbreak the Spaniards hated

FILIPINO BELLES.

the Americans. A senora passing our soldiers would draw aside her skirts in that peculiar way that seems to delight the feminine soul when it would fain express scorn. After the outbreak all was changed. "The Spanish couldn't do enough for us then," an American soldier told me. American and Spaniard were drawn together by having a mutual enemy, a bond stronger than that cemented by the possession of a mutual friend.

A dark eyed, intelligent Spanish woman at the head of a photograph gallery here informed me emphatically that she liked Americans.

"The senora Americana is the equal of the Spanish senora," said she, pointing first to me and then slapping her own chest, "but the Filipinos—naw-w!"

ELIZA ARCHARD CONNER.

## SYMPHONIES IN HATS.

**Designs Decreed by Fashion For the Summer Girl.**

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, May 22.—I scarcely know whether flowers or light straws are favorites for hat trimming. Yet I think, taken all in all, there are far fewer flowers used this season than for many summers past. The reason for this lies in the beauty and variety of tissues. The Malines lace, rechristened Manila, makes such delicate puffs and mounted pieces, looking like bits off the edge of sunset clouds just resting there for a moment, that it is no wonder a real artist in millinery prefers it to the flowers. These we all know to be artificial, and, however pretty they are or however closely they imitate nature, they still are not what they seem. Still they have their devotees. It is odd that in the German mountains and Switzerland artificial flowers go by the name of "real flowers" and are apparently held in higher esteem than the tender blossoms one may pluck by the wayside.

Purples are as popular as ever, not one shade alone, but all shades gathered together on one hat. Purple roses in pale tints, purple Japanese and other rough straw shapes, purple velvet and purple malines or tissue as drapery or built up trimming are all gathered together. The roses or violets are in one shade, the straw in a darker and the rest in the lightest shades of that imperial color. Besides this are a dozen other things, such as gauze, ribbons, quills, wings, paradise sweeps and bows, all in the color, but in varying shades. Only two other colors can be added to a purple hat. One is a gold buckle or the tiniest showing of corn colored velvet, or a bit of a rosette of malines in that shade, or green. The green must be of the soft, velvety order. There are some greens that would hold a pitched battle with the purples, and the wise milliner uses great caution in choosing exactly the right one.

The shapes of the hats are built upon every line possible to invent. It is unnecessary to enumerate them. The rough straws particularly are bent, pressed and twisted into every conceivable shape, but they are all becoming to some one, if not every one. Fortunate is the woman who likes a hat for its becomingness to her face and style of dress and not because it looks desirable in the show window. Regular old fashioned "pork pie" and "mushroom" hats are in high style just now. The English walking shape is one of the most popular and adaptable. It can be trimmed with a band of ribbon and a quill, and it can be loaded with everything used upon millinery. There is a neat little English turban in rough straw. This is worn tilted down over the forehead. One such hat had a row of loops of dark brown ribbon across the back under the brim to form a resting place to hold the hat at exactly the right angle. All over the low crown was spread a bunch of pale pink azaleas with an upstanding spray of foliage. Many of the hats with flower trimming have the flowers fairly built up on a ladder. A brown rough straw "pork pie" had a scarf of changeable pink and white silk gauze, brought to the back and lifted up in a big puff held by a gilt ring, through which the puff is passed. In front was a bunch of lilacs. Lilacs are very perfect, and are always beautiful. Some years they are a rage; other times they are worn but seldom. This is an off year.

NEW HATS.

Some very becoming hats are made of shirred silk gauze or fine net. The whole brim and crown are of this and shaped by wires only. One of this fashion was made for a brunette. The whole hat was of shirred brussels net. Under the left side of the brim was a bow of maize velvet very much crushed. A crushed and flattened rosette of the same was placed along the right side of the crown. The other side had a large tuft of fine black ostrich tips.

Very dressy hats for carriage, church and visiting, also for garden parties and all occasions where the summer girl wishes to look her very daintiest, are of white rice straw with a sailor shaped brim, shirred on the underside with white tulle. Around the crown and over the top of it is an immense rouleau of pure white malines, with a snow white quill and long paradise sweep.

For elderly women there are hats of almost every shape of rough straw. These are for everyday wear, and they are trimmed rather more simply. Lace enters into their ornamentation largely, and the colors should be simple and dark. Bonnets for church, visiting and evening are not much more than a bit of lace, a jet or steel ornament or spangled trimming with a scrap of velvet for color and possibly some violets, forgetmenots, hepaticas or spireas as trimming.

OLIVE HARPER.

**Improved the Opportunity.**

Peter Foote, long since dead, used to be a police magistrate in Chicago. Foote was intensely Irish and loved to show it.

One day a dudishly attired young fellow calling himself Frederick Edwards, and plainly betokening by his speech that he hadn't been long from the shores of England, was arraigned before the justice charged with lounging about the parks. When he was arrested, he showed fight and had to be dragged to the patrol box.

"'E 'urted me feelin's badly, your worship," said the prisoner when in the dock the following morning. "'E 'it me on the sole of me fute an'"—

"I don't think you've any feelings in your soul," growled the sympathizer of downtrodden Ireland. "And, another thing, you must remember you're in America now. In England you object to an Irishman wearing the green. Here we object to Englishmen lying on it; $1 and costs." And the justice pinched himself to look unconcerned while the Briton begged the clerk to cut the fine down to a "bob."—Chicago Chronicle.

**The Greatest Widower.**

This is the genuine essay of a boy: "King Henry 8 was the greatest widower that ever lived. He was born at Anne Domino in the year 1066. He had 510 wives, besides children. The 1st was beheaded and afterwards executed. The 2nd was revoked. She never smiled again. But she said that the word 'Calais' would be found on her heart after her death. The greatest man in this reign was Lord Sir Garret Wolsey. He was sir named the Boy Bachelor. He was born at the age of 15 unmarried. * * * Henry 8 was succeeded on the throne by his great grandmother, the beautiful and accomplished Mary Queen of Scots, sometimes known as the Lady of the Lake or the Lay of the Last Minstrel."

# COMMERCIAL CUBA.

THE ISLAND AS SEEN BY UNCLE SAM'S FISCAL AGENT.

**Samuel M. Jarvis Tells How American Money Was First Introduced. Business Chances With and Without Large Capital.**

[Special Correspondence.]

HAVANA, May 15.—Immediately after the surrender of Santiago President McKinley appointed the North American Trust company of New York the fiscal agent of the United States government in Cuba, and as there was no regular line of steamers and no commerce at the time a ship was chartered to take a staff of men, safes and a large amount of American money to Santiago. Samuel M. Jarvis, vice president of the trust company, was selected to take charge of the expedition.

However, in the latter part of July the ship containing this financial expedition quietly sailed down the bay in the midst of a fog and turned toward Cuba. It was an interesting and exciting voyage and was looked upon by the members of the expedition and by the financial world as of the greatest possible importance on account of the part that American capital and the financial representatives of the United States government were to play in the American commercial and financial occupation of the island. This was before the signing of the protocol and before any policy was discussed with reference to the Spanish possessions that have since come into the hands of the United States government.

SAMUEL M. JARVIS.

"When we landed in Santiago," said Mr. Jarvis, "we proceeded to the palace, to call on General Shafter, present our credentials and pay our respects. Within two hours we had opened negotiations which finally resulted in our securing the banking house formerly occupied by the Bank of Spain. The third day after our arrival our safes were in position, and we opened business. It was the first and is at present the only American banking institution in Santiago, and I was the first civilian to raise the American flag on the island after the commencement of the war.

"When we arrived in Santiago, there was no American money in circulation and merchants would decline to receive it, insisting upon everybody paying in Spanish money. But in a few days American money began gradually to circulate. The objection was at first made to American silver, as the Spaniards thought it was worth no more than Spanish or Mexican silver, but I soon dispelled that illusion by offering to redeem all American silver in gold, and from that day until the present time American silver has circulated throughout the island the same as American gold or treasury notes.

"It was during my stay in Santiago that the protocol was signed. I then returned to New York, and after spending some time there and in Washington proceeded to Havana and established a branch of the North American Trust company and the fiscal agency of the United States government. At that time there were but very few Americans in Havana, the only officers being those of the American evacuation commission.

"I saw considerable of General Blanco and other Spanish generals. I was very much interested in the experiences of General Blanco while he was governor general of the Philippines which he narrated to me. He spoke feelingly of the loss to Spain of her rich possessions and spoke freely with reference to his views as to the proper policy she should now pursue. He was probably the first Spaniard to say that he thought that, instead of attempting at once to rebuild a navy or to continue a large army, Spain should devote her attention to manufacturing and commerce and attempt to secure a reasonable proportion for herself of the commerce of the world. In speaking of the Philippines, he said that he had while governor general sent as high as $46,000,000 of the revenue of the islands to Spain in one year.

"As to the business opportunities in the island, there are many, but they are mostly in the way of large enterprises, requiring a very considerable amount of capital. But there are others where a man of small means has an opportunity to do well. There is great opportunity in cattle raising, for the climate is warm all the year, and the cattle do not require feeding, nor are they exposed to snowstorms, as in the states. Consequently the percentage of loss is much smaller. Dairy farming would pay well, and the growing of vegetables, as truck farming, would be profitable; also the poultry business. But as nearly all the cattle and poultry on the island, as well as horses and mules, were destroyed during the war it would require the shipping of cattle, poultry, etc., to the island to begin the business."

WILLIAM R. BRITTON.

## MOUNT RAINIER PARK.

**Attractions of the Pacific Forest Reserve In Washington State.**

[Special Correspondence.]

TACOMA, May 17.—Much satisfaction is felt here over the setting apart by act of congress, which was recently approved by the president, of the tract known as the Pacific forest reserve as a national park. It is in Pierce county, this state, and about 50 miles from this city. It will be called Mount Rainier National park, in recognition of the majestic mountain of that name which is located nearly in the center of the reserve. Mount Rainier, or Mount Tacoma, as it was formerly called—why its old Indian name should not have been retained I am at a loss to understand—is now recognized as the highest mountain on this continent, towering to an altitude of 15,100 feet above the sea level. It is about 5,000 feet higher than either of its sister peaks of the Cascade range, Mount Hood and Mount Baker, which were for a time regarded as rivals of Mount Rainier, though late scientific measurements make the latter supreme in point of altitude, as it is supremely above all other mountains in grandeur.

For a woman I have clambered not a little through mountain passes and up steep and difficult slopes, but nowhere have I found a mountain so fascinating as Rainier nor one which appeals so strongly to the venturesome spirit of the climber. It seems to say in language quite irresistible: "Come up hither. Scale the dizzy, frowning heights. Stand upon the snow capped summit and behold a panorama of beauty such as no pen or brush can adequately portray."

Mount Rainier rises direct from the level country and is an almost symmetrical dome, surmounted by three peaks. These are the Crater peak, Peak Success and Liberty Cap. To those who delight in big figures it may be said that the mass composing Mount Rainier is estimated as measuring 200 cubic miles. The glacial system is on the same gigantic scale and is probably the largest in the world radiating from one mountain. Mont Blanc, in Switzerland, is not to be mentioned in the same category with it. The Mer de Glace of Mont Blanc does not cover half the area of the Carbon glacier, which is only one of the several medium sized rivers which flow down the slopes of Rainier.

The mountain is flanked on the south by the Tatoish range and on the north by the Siniskin range, both spurs of the Cascades, forming a natural park, which is officially designated as the Pacific forest reserve, embracing a tract of 18 square miles.

Above the elevation of 8,000 feet the mountain is covered with perpetual snow, save where the rocky ribs project and mark the boundaries of the glaciers. The downpouring ice and snow and water form many strikingly beautiful falls

WOMAN MOUNTAIN CLIMBER.

and cascades, one of the most notable of which is on the northern side of Liberty cap, where the great glacial mass plunges down perpendicularly a distance of 6,000 feet upon the Carbon river glacier.

On the southern slope of Mount Rainier, 6,500 feet above the level of the sea, is Paradise park, a flower decked and verdure strewn platform on the mountain side. It is a wonderland of beauty, rivaling the vale of Cashmere, and we imagine even the garden of Eden itself. As the grandeur and sublimity of Rainier inspire one with awe and solemnity, so the exquisite loveliness of Paradise park gives one a feeling of joy and restfulness. And one needs the rest, too, when this point is reached, for it is a long and hard climb up to Paradise park. This mountain side valley is carpeted with flowers of all colors and dotted with clumps of fir and ash. Wild lilies bloom there in August and even as late as September, the garden heliotrope abounds everywhere, while red, white and pink heather, large single asters, anemones, Indian pinks, buttercups, mountain azaleas, blue fringed gentian, flowering grasses and numerous other plants are abundant. Through the park runs the Paradise river, which comes from Sluiskin falls, a descent of 900 feet.

A thousand feet above Paradise park is the Camp of the Clouds, on the timber line, beyond which all verdure ceases, and about 4,000 feet farther up is the Rock of Gibraltar, beyond which only the most venturesome and experienced climbers have essayed to pass. I am not one of those and frankly confess that Gibraltar, 12,000 feet above sea level, is quite high enough for me. Mount Rainier, though yet comparatively unexplored, has been the goal of some of the world's most famous mountain climbers, though none has yet reached its summit.

FREDERICA ST. JOHN.

**A Trap of Her Own Setting.**

We have all met people whose pride in their own possessions is so great that they can see no charms in those of others. A young botanist was showing a party of ladies and gentlemen through a conservatory and explaining to them the properties of some of the choicest plants. Among the visitors was a would be young looking, middle aged lady who at every description volunteered the statement that the plants and flowers she had at home were quite the equal of anything here or indeed anywhere.

Just as they were passing a giant cactus she was heard to exclaim:

"Well, this is nothing extraordinary. I have a cactus at home that is still larger. I planted and reared it myself."

"Reared it yourself?" the professor gently observed. "How remarkable! This specimen is 63 years old, and if yours is still larger"—

The lady did not stay to hear any more, but executed a strategic movement to the rear.

**Valued.**

Cholly—Did he weally say I had more money than bwains? How widiculous!

Kaustique—Why so? Didn't you borrow a dollar of him today?—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

# His Aunt's Companion

"Wanted—A companion for an elderly lady."

That was the advertisement that appeared in a newspaper of a rainy Monday morning in November, 18—.

Glenville was nothing more than a little country settlement, with a red brick town hall and a labyrinth of narrow streets which seemed to have been laid out with special reference to the bewilderment of any chance passer who might find himself involved in their maze.

Mr. Reginald Chillingfield, who had been out for a walk in the street, was met on the threshold of the hotel by the bootboy, who said:

"Oh, please, sir, there's a lot of 'em all a-askin for you."

"A lot of what?" demanded Mr. Chillingfield.

Reginald Chillingfield was tall and slender and handsome, with bright blue eyes and a straight nose, which latter feature he rubbed as he stood staring at Mike Updown.

"Of ladies, sir. Come to answer the advertisement."

"Oh," said Mr. Chillingfield. "I recollect now."

The array of feminine faces, all expectantly turned toward him, was enough to awe the stoutest bachelor heart, and Reginald Chillingfield closed the parlor door with a bang.

"Jones," said he to his familiar friend, who had just lighted a cigar in the reading room, "what shall I do?"

"In respect to what?"

"My Aunt Polly's companion. There's a dozen of 'em there, apparently all ages from 16 to 60. My Aunt Polly doesn't want 12 companions."

"Have 'em admitted one by one," suggested Jones, and on this hint Mr. Chillingfield promptly acted.

"You sit and pretend to be reading the newspaper," whispered Chillingfield, "and if you like the applicant's looks, cough; if you don't, crackle the newspaper. Dear me, my shirt collar is wet already. My face is burning. Why could not Aunt Polly have hunted up her own companion? Yes, Mike, all ready. Ask one of the ladies to walk in."

And, with a grin, Mike announced:

"Miss Zerinah Hall."

Miss Hall was tall, scant haired and spectacled, in a robe of gingham and a drab silk hat.

"I am seeking a situation, young man," she said, "not from necessity, but because in middle life one feels the lack of companionship. I hope the elderly lady mentioned in the advertisement is a church member?"

Crackle, crackle! went the newspaper. Chillingfield glanced guiltily at his friend.

"No, she's not—that is—I think perhaps a younger person— You did not say how old you were, Miss Hall."

Miss Zerinah went out, closing the door behind her with a bang.

Mrs. Hawkesbury, the next candidate, was a clairvoyant and spiritualist.

"I think I could amuse the old lady with foretelling the future," said she. "That was the way I did at my three last situations."

"Three!" repeated Mr. Chillingfield. "Jones, my dear fellow, don't rustle that paper so vehemently. Did you say three? How did you happen to leave those situations?"

"The visitation of Providence, sir," said Mrs. Hawkesbury. "They all died—the respected ladies whom it was once my duty and my pleasure to"—

The next was too deaf, the next too fleshy, the third was unwilling to live with any lady who did not keep a man servant, the fourth wanted too high a salary—so on, ad infinitum, until the newspaper was fairly crackled to pieces. Until at length there was, so to speak, a "tie" between the last two candidates.

Ruth Coxe was just 19, pretty as a sweet pea blossom and ready to undertake any description of service to escape from her stepmother and nine turbulent half brothers and sisters.

Helen Howard was a queenly young woman of five and twenty, who read like Mrs. Scott-Siddons, sang delicious Scotch ballads and frankly owned that she needed a home.

Mr. Jones coughed himself purple in the face over both of them.

"You couldn't do better, Reginald," said he, "than to take"—

"Which one?"

"Both!"

"But you must remember that I have only got one Aunt Polly. A choice must be made."

"Toss up a copper."

"You irreverent villain!"

"Draw cuts, then. Look. I write 'Helen' on one, 'Ruth' on the other. Presto! Change! Now draw. Ruth has won the day!"

So Mr. Reginald Chillingfield took Ruth Coxe home with him to the domiciliary abode of his Aunt Polly by evening train, leaving Helen Howard sad and quiet.

"You are disappointed," said he. "I wish I could have engaged you both."

"Yes," said Helen, "I am disappointed, I confess. Life is hard and stern to me."

Reginald Chillingfield thought over her words. They haunted him, and not only her words, but the garnet brown shadows of her eyes, and a week afterward he went back to Glenville.

"Yes, Miss Howard is at home," said the shabby maid of all work at the third rate boarding house where Miss Howard lived. "Walk in."

And Mr. Chillingfield walked in, to find Miss Howard tete-a-tete with Mr. Jones.

"Hello!" cried Jones. "Who would ever have thought of seeing you?"

"I might say the same," laughingly retorted Chillingfield, as he took Miss Howard's hand. "But I have news for you, Miss Helen.

"I have heard of an excellent situation near my aunt's—an invalid lady, whose husband"—

"Hang the invalid lady and her husband!" interposed Jones. "I was just going to write you about it, old boy. We are to be married tomorrow."

"No!" cried Reginald. "Then I'll stay to the wedding. But"—

"Well?"

"Isn't it rather a sudden arrangement?"

"Life is full of sudden things," said Jones philosophically. "Helen is willing to run the risk."

And so the troublesome question was settled satisfactorily to all parties.—New York News.

**Some Queer Trees.**

The breadfruit tree of Ceylon is very remarkable. Its fruit is baked and eaten as we eat bread and is equally good and nutritious. In Barbutu, South America, is a tree which, by piercing the trunk, produces milk, with which the inhabitants feed their children. In the interior of Africa is a tree which produces excellent butter. It resembles the American oak, and its fruit, from which the butter is prepared, is not unlike the olive. Park, the great traveler, declared that the butter surpassed any made in England from cow's milk. At Sierra Leone is the cream fruit tree, the fruit of which is quite agreeable in taste.

At Table Bay, near the Cape of Good Hope, is a small tree the berries of which make excellent candles. It is also found in the Azores. The vegetable tallow tree also grows in Sumatra, in Algeria and in China. In the island of Chusan large quantities of oil and tallow are extracted from its fruit, which is gathered in November or December, when the tree has lost all its leaves. The bark of a tree in China produces a beautiful soap. Trees of the sapindus or soap berry order also grow in the north of Africa. They are amazingly prolific, and their fruit contains about 38 per cent of saponin.—Ladies' Home Journal.

**Refused to Take More Pay.**

A writer in Ainslee's Magazine tells how Irving M. Scott, the man who built the Oregon, once refused a raise in his salary. The firm was then building the Saginaw for the government. Donahue was at the legislature much of the time soon after Scott's arrival, and affairs at the works were at sixes and sevens. Brodie, the foreman, threatened to leave and did leave, and Scott, without authority and although only engaged as a draftsman, took entire charge and directed things for two weeks until Donahue's return. He introduced system into the methods and made affairs run along so smoothly that Donahue was pleased and made him permanent foreman.

About this time Donahue offered to increase his wages, but Scott thought over the matter and declined.

"If I break my year's contract with you," he said to Donahue, "I'll have to take what you give me. I prefer to keep my contract, and when it's up you'll have to pay me what I'm worth."

Donahue looked aghast. "You're the first man," he said, "that I've ever known to refuse a raise of pay."

Results justified Scott's foresight. At the end of the year he was re-engaged and was paid just four times what Donahue had offered him.

**Dressed For the Jury.**

Pretty women on trial have a habit of dressing so as to impress the jury, but the highest type of this art was naturally left for development in Paris, where toilets are "composed" for the occasion. An example of the art was in evidence at the trial of Mme. Bianchini, who was accused of having disposed of her husband in an unlawful way. "Her costume," says a chronicler, "was the essence of outraged dignity and resignation, and at the same time of elegance, due to her position as a mondaine Parisienne. She naturally was all in black, with a mantle close fitting at the waist and a high collet de mongolie. The severity of the low hat, with its ostrich plumes, was relieved by her jaunty way of symbolizing her confidence in the triumph of innocence in that the left brim was turned up, sheltering a little bunch of peacock tips."

**True Thrift.**

Hicks appreciated the shrewd as well as the humorous sayings of the Cornish country folk. There dwelt not far from his abode a dairywoman and her husband who had begun life in a very small way with one cow, and who, by industry and thrift, had acquired quite a number.

"How is it," said Hicks to her one day, "that you have got on so well, Mrs. P.?"

"Well, you see, Mr. Hicks," she replied, "most people be allus thinking of what they do want, but I and my old man, we be allus thinking of what we can do without."

**Taking a Walk.**

Justice—What have you to say in answer to the charge of stealing this man's plank walk?

The Accused—I took it by advice of my physician, yer honor. He told me to take a long walk every day. This was the first long walk I saw today, and of course I took it. A man can't afford to employ a doctor unless he takes his advice.

Justice—The court, however, will give you advice for nothing—three months' rest. You will take it in the house of correction.—Boston Transcript.

**Miles of Advertising.**

No street in the world is more plastered with advertising than Broadway, New York. Even to those recognizing that fact the amount does not appear startling until it is put into figures. The combined length of the two sides of Broadway from the Battery to Central park is 52,800 feet. The amount of advertising on the buildings and in shop windows is such that it would take a man between eight and ten days of eight hours each to read his way up one side and down the other.

**No Poached Eggs For Her.**

There is an old lady in a charming out of the way village whose opinions of "artist chaps" and "Lunnon ways" are amusing.

On one occasion a wandering knight of the brush secured a night's lodging at her cottage.

Early next morning he was asked what he would like for breakfast.

"Oh," was the reply, "a couple of eggs will do—poached, mind you."

"Beg pardon, sir"—

"I said a couple of eggs, poached," repeated the artist in a louder tone.

The old lady stiffened her back, opened the door and pointed out into the road.

"Clear out o' my house!" she commanded. "I'd have you know as I respects my neighbor's property, and I ain't no poacher. Sich goings on may do in Lunnon, but they won't do in Loamshire."

The artist endeavored to explain, but the lady would not listen, and he did not break his fast in that house.

"Painters was allus a bad lot," were the last words he heard before she shut the door behind him, "but gettin honest fowk to poach eggs for 'em's quite a new dodge."—London Telegraph.

**Problems In Euclid.**

How to "stretch a point."
Where to "draw the line."
"How to act upon the square."
How to "cross the line" without a compass.
How to "drop a line."
How to describe "a family circle."
Given a "straight" policeman, how to "square" him.—Judy.

**Very Likely.**

"I am afraid," said Mr. Bronxborough, "that Johnny is getting into bad company. I heard him swear at his little sister just now."

"Perhaps," replied Mrs. Bronxborough, "he may have been listening to your remarks when you lost your collar button."—New York Journal.

# The Anonymous Letter.

"By Jove! What a beauty! Who is this, old man?" The speaker stood in an admiring attitude before the picture of a young girl, while the one questioned answered briefly, "My sister."

"Oh, I say, Paul, that won't do! We don't put our sisters' pictures in frames like that."

"Don't we? Well, I do. Oh, hang it, Burt, don't you see that I'm busy? I can't work while your tongue is wagging. Get out of here now, and if you won't show your face here again today you shall spend the month of July with me at my home, and then you shall judge for yourself whether that frame is too good for my sister's picture." And Paul Reynolds gave his chum a good natured push toward the door.

"Do you mean that? Hurrah! Why, that would be worth a lifetime of banishment—no offense to you, old fellow!" and Burton Smith mildly expressed his delight by turning somersaults across the room, walking back on his hands, then, bringing his feet to the floor, he shot upward, and, catching hold of a bar above his head, he drew himself up and whirled around the bar with the proficiency of an acrobat, dropping to the floor with a shout of overflowing mirth.

"Get out of this, you rattlehead!" And, having him outside, Paul shut the door in his face and heard him go down stairs at a breakneck pace, which brought the good old landlady to the door in alarm, expecting to find somebody at the bottom with a broken neck.

"Sakes alive! That Mr. Smith again!" she exclaimed.

Burton's walk home had a tendency to quiet his hilarity, but that face was still before him, and, after sitting in deep thought for an hour, he sprang up with alacrity.

"I'll do it, by Jove! She can't feel deeply offended anyway, and I'll sign only a part of my name. Better for the future's sake to be on the safe side. There, that'll do, I think."

* * * * * * *

Belle Reynolds stood with an open letter in her hand, and her eyes flashed angrily as she spoke her thoughts aloud. "Soft headed idiot! Heard of me through a friend, indeed! This stranger"—

Then something like the truth swept through her mind, and her fun loving spirit reasserted itself, and, going to her desk, she wrote:

Mr. Charles Burt:

Your most extraordinary letter savors strongly of the wedding bells class, but you forgot to state whether your motive was for "pleasure, pastime or with a view to matrimony." Whatever your object may be, permit me to say that you are guilty of gross impertinence. My friend, Matilda Brindle, would call you "sassy."

Are you aware, sir, of the risk you incur by asking to correspond with a spinster of the tender age of 37? Let me enlighten you. I will honestly describe the picture which my mirror reflects, and then perhaps you will congratulate yourself on having found a person so frank as myself. My reddish yellow hair, already thin on top, hangs in ringlets about my full sized ears; my freckled nose is elevated by nature to a high degree, my teeth are conspicuous by the absence of not a few, and my greenish gray eyes would be my one redeeming feature if I were not cross eyed. I am tall and commanding—most emphatically commanding. My joints are too large to allow my wearing rings, so don't send any. I am a strong minded woman, sir, so think well before you further commit yourself. B. R.

When Burton Smith received this mocking epistle, he thrust both hands into his trousers pockets and stood gazing at his feet with a most dejected air. No acrobatic performances now. Oh, no! No occasion for them. But as the humor of the whole affair struck him he threw back his head and laughed—he roared.

"The little minx! Serves me right, though! But how foolish she could make a fellow feel. Smith, you're an ass!"

* * * * * * *

The June days passed, the eagerly anticipated vacation drew near, and at last Paul Reynolds and Burton Smith found themselves in the quaint old town of Castone, where they were happily welcomed.

At first Burton rather stood in awe of beautiful Belle Reynolds. Her lovely face and graceful figure won universal admiration, and her sweet disposition endeared her to all. Burton Smith proved to be no exception. Their mutual love for all kinds of outdoor sports threw them together constantly, and they became firm friends. Then as the time for his departure drew near he began to realize that in leaving Belle Reynolds behind he was leaving all that had made life so bright for him during the last few weeks. Yet he felt that there was no reason why he, a comparative stranger, should claim more than the friendship accorded him.

He would undoubtedly have gone back to business with his love untold had he not unexpectedly come upon Belle in the little vine covered summer house one morning with a woebegone expression and traces of tears upon her fair face. She hastily explained that she had been indulging in a fit of loneliness at the thought of her brother's return, but the look and blush which accompanied her words gave him new courage, and, taking both her hands in his, he asked:

"May I hope, Belle, that you will miss me a little, too, when I am gone? Forgive me for speaking so soon, but you have become dear to me, and I am conceited enough to believe that you like me. Tell me, darling, that you can in time care for me, and I will try to be worthy of your dear love."

Whatever her answer may have been, suffice it to say that when they emerged from their secluded nook an hour later their faces bore evidences of their new found happiness.

"By the way, Belle, I have not yet met your friend, Matilda Brindle. Does she not live in Castone?"

Belle stopped short in her walk and looked at him. "Then you are"—

"Charles Burton Smith, at your service," and he made a profound bow just in time to receive a sound box on the ear, administered by the little beauty beside him. Then she fled precipitately.—Boston Post.

**He Knew the Lawyer.**

"Your honor," said the attorney, "this man's insanity takes the form of a belief that every one wants to rob him. He won't even allow me, his counsel, to approach him."

"Maybe he's not so crazy, after all," murmured the court in a judicial whisper.—Philadelphia North American.

"Times is awful ha'd," said the old colored voter. "My two twin sons come of age this month, en not a bit er votin ter do, 'cept fer a cheap bond 'lection. W'en what we orter had wuz at leas' two congressmens out, on de reg'lar ticket, en two mo' runnin indepen'ent ergin um!"—Atlanta Constitution.